

# Asylum Dream

by slashersister

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Summary: So, this isn't about Michael Myers, but it just took place in an asylum. I was told by a friend to put it in this category. The title is self explanatory. It is my main character in an asylum. I will probably add Michael in at some point, but I am not sure where.

## 1. Chapter 1

### Chapter 1

They throw me into a room in the violent ward already preoccupied by a man a few years older than I am. I just sit in the corner farthest from him. He looks like the Michael Myers remake with his long, dirty blonde hair, and bulky physique. I just sit in the corner, not frightened of him at all. He just stares at me. I wonder what he is thinking about.

"You are not scared?" The man asks, startling me with his deep, husky voice. I just shake my head no because I have not talked for quite some time after I was sent by a judge to this asylum. I stopped singing four years ago as well.

"A silent type, huh, well, they will just keep you here longer," he said. I shook my head yes because I already knew that. I've been in this asylum for eight years now. I know they will never ever let me out while I'm alive. Then I tried talking to him.

"Iâ€|knowâ€|that," I tried saying. My voice was hoarse from lack of use.

"So, the mute can talk," the man said mockingly.

"Yes, I can, and I could easily kick your arse," I said, smirking. "I just have not wanted to talk to these idiots of the asylum."

"The doctors or the patients?"

"The doctors. When I was younger, I thought I wanted to be a psychologist, but then I really thought about what they have to do, and I decided that I didn't like them at all. I told a friend that if I am ever put into an asylum, that I wouldn't talk for how long I will be here, like Michael Myers."

"He is the guy from Halloween, right?" asked the man. I shook my head yes. "I have seen those movies but I keep forgetting his name. Do you like him?"

"He is cool, but I like Freddy Krueger more,"

"Why do you like him?"

"I love his sense of humor," I said. Then, I whispered so he hopefully wouldn't hear me, "I also think he is sexy."

"I head that," the man said.

"You did?" I asked, blushing with embarrassment.

"Yes, you think that Freddy Krueger is sexy. Why would you think that?"

"I don't know. I do know that he is the one that made me start liking older men, and I first saw him when I was eleven."

"You are crazy, girl."

"Thank you, but you should be talking,"

"You're welcome, and I know that I'm crazy. Why else would you be locked in here with me?" He asked with a smile on his face. He looked quite attractive smiling. His smile reminded me of Christopher Eccleston.

"You don't seem to understand. I'm not locked in here with you. You're locked in here with me." I said with a smirk.

"Oh, you think so, do you? Well I could easily overpower you. So you really are locked in here with me. Oh and nice Watchmen reference. I like that movie," he said while walking towards me from the other side of the room.

"It's a good reference and movie. What are you doing?" I ask him when he is halfway across the room.

"I'm going to show you that you are locked in here with me, and not the other way around," he says with an evil grin on his face while standing in front of me. I looked him up and down, finally seeing all of him up close.

"Has anyone ever told you that you look like the remake of Michael Myers but with Christopher Eccleston's smile?" I ask, hoping to stall him for a short while. He just laughed at that.

"I have heard that I look like Michael Myers, but I do not know who Christopher Eccleston is," he says with a puzzled look on his face. I see him gazing over my body with lust in his eyes. It makes me

feel uncomfortable.

"Now," he says, "if you are done stalling, I would like to get back with what I was planning to do," He kneels down to my height while I am still sitting in the corner.

"What are you going to do?" I ask a little bit frightened, but not enough to show it.

"You'll see," he says. Then, very quickly, he grasps my head and pulls it up so that my lips meet his. He sits down to deepen the kiss.

He rubs his tongue over my bottom lip to gain entrance to my mouth. I obeyed by slightly opening my mouth, enough for his tongue to slip in and start a battle with my own. The battle was soon lost and he kept furiously kissing me until we ran out of breath and had to break for air. I sat there, staring wide eyed at the man I had just met not that long ago. His deep but bright green eyes staring back at me.

"Wow," I said, still shocked. "Why did you do that?"

"Because I could, and you couldn't stop me from doing it again," he said, smirking at me.

"And you might be right. I don't even know your name, though."

"My name is Jason. What is your name?"

"My name is Shelby. Your name reminds me of Jason Voorhees and Jason Todd."

"You have a lovely name. I know who Jason Voorhees is, but who is Jason Todd?"

"He is the second Robin from the Batman comic books and movies. He was killed by the Joker but then revived by Ra's Al Ghul in the Lazarus Pit. But he went insane and became the Red Hood and almost killed Joker if it wasn't for Batman stopping him. He did end up blowing up the building the three of them were in, but none of them died."

"He sounds very interesting. I would have loved to see that movie. What is it called?"

"\_Batman: Under the Red Hood. \_It is an animated movie. Joker is voiced by John DiMaggio and he sounds amazing. I never knew who he was before so I have no idea what else he does."

"That's great. Now, enough about the Joker. What did you do to get in this hell hole?" he asks as he pulls me to sit on his lap while he sits up against the wall.

"I killed someone who was in my school. I covered it up pretty well, but they ended up finding him anyway, "I say, leaning my head on his shoulder.

"Why did you kill him?" he asks, stroking my hair with his other arm around my waist, holding me to him. I sigh with content.

"He was ruining my life. I thought he liked me and wanted to date me, but all he wanted was to use me for sex," I started telling him, and he held me tighter when I said the guy wanted to use me for sex.

"Well, when I rejected his offer of wanting to hook up after him and a friend of mine, who was younger than me, broke up, he started a rumor that I was texting him about wanting to have sex with him. And then, at a dance, he smacked one of my friends. I almost snapped, but I held it back. The last straw was when he tried punching me while I was walking home from school because I yelled down the hall at him that day in school, 'Hey! Are you still pissed at me for rejecting you?' Then everybody knew. His trying to punch me made me snap. And madness is like gravity; all you need it a little push." I finished saying. I think he got pissed at what I was telling him because his stroking of my hair got really hard, but I didn't want to say anything. But the last line I said seemed to ease his mind because he started to laugh. I started to laugh because I just then realized that I quoted the Joker.

"And by the way, I got the last line from the Joker in The Dark Knight played by the now deceased Heath Ledger. He really introduced anarchy to Gotham in that movie. I didn't even realize that I quoted him until you started to laugh."

"You have not ceased to amaze me yet. Your quotes are very funny. But I have seen that movie, so you did not have to tell me all of that."

"I quote my favorite characters in anything I read or watch. He is my favorite character in anything that had to do with Batman. That is one of the reasons I am called Harley Quinn by a couple of my friends."

"He is my favorite too. Who else can you quote?"

"I can quote V's whole beginning monologue from V for Vendetta. I can also quote The Doctor from Doctor Who."

"What is V's monologue?"

"'Voilà ! In view, a humble vaudevillian veteran cast vicariously as both victim and villain by the vicissitudes of Fate. This visage, no mere veneer of vanity, is a vestige of the vox populi, now vacant, vanished. However, this valorous visitation of a bygone vexation stands vivified and has vowed to vanquish these venal and virulent vermin van guarding vice and vouchsafing the violently vicious and voracious violation of volition! The only verdict is vengeance; a vendetta held as a votive, not in vain, for the value and veracity of such shall one day vindicate the vigilant and the virtuous. Verily, this vichyssoise of verbiage veers most verbose. So let me simply add that it's my very good honor to meet you and you may call me V.'" I quoted without missing a beat. Jason just laughed, and I laughed with him.

When we finally stopped laughing, I just sat there in his arms, and he started stroking my hair again. I finally asked him the question I have wanted to know the answer to since he pulled me onto his lap.

"What did you do to get put in here?"

"I killed my wife and child," he said very calmly.

"Why did you kill them?"

"I never actually loved her. I only married her because she was pregnant, and, being the gentleman I am, I didn't want her to raise the child alone. I found out not long before I killed them that the child was not mine and she was having an affair with the child's actual father," he said sadly.

"Are you going to kill me?" I ask. I don't know why I did, though. He turns his head to look at me.

"No, you are not like her, and you have done nothing wrong." Then he pulls me close and tenderly kisses my lips. All too soon, he breaks away.

"It is late, you need to sleep." He lifts me up and carries me over to the bed and lays me down gently on it. Then he slides in next to me. He holds me close as he pulls the thin, grey blanket up to cover us.

"Goodnight Jason," I say, while moving my head onto his chest.

"Goodnight Shelby," he says while stroking my back.

I fall asleep in his arms happily not long after he starts stroking my back. I had the same dream that I had a few years before I was sent here. It was of Freddy Krueger and I falling in love, but instead of Freddy, Jason took his place.

## 2. Chapter 2

### Chapter 2

I woke up to someone yanking off mine and Jason's blanket roughly.

"Rise and shine you two lovebirds," said one of the nurses. I just glared at him.

"Hey Jason, did you have sex with her?" asked the other male nurse.

"I did no such thing," said Jason angrily.

"Take it easy Mr. Wife and Child Killer. Now, she will just have to come with us," said the first nurse while dragging me out of the bed. I tried kicking him, but to no avail.

"Take your hands off of her," yelled Jason while trying to pull me away from the nurse. I want to scream, but I can't.

"She just needs to go see her doctor. He wants to talk to her, and see how she is doing," said the second nurse. Then they finally

dragged me out of the room to my psychologist's office.

"How are you doing today, Shelby?" says my psychologist, Dr. Jonathan Hyde. I just stare at him like I do every day.

"I heard that you have gotten acquainted with one of the men in the violent ward," he said. I shook my head yes.

"I also heard that you talked to him," Again, I shook my head yes.

"Why don't you like talking to me? I am a very nice guy if you get to know me," he said with a fake smile, just as fake as his words. I finally decided to talk to him, but I will not talk to him about what happened eight years ago.

"The reason I don't like to talk to you is because you are a psychologist. I do not like them. If you were Dr. Hannibal Lector, Dr. Jonathan Crane, or maybe even Dr. Harleene Quinzelle, then I might talk to you. But you are not any of them since they are not real, then I don't like talking to you."

He just gaped at me since I have never talked to him for the eight years I have been here. I don't think he knows what to say. He just sits at his desk staring at me wide-eyed with his mouth open. After a few more minutes, he composes himself from the shock.

"I am sorry; it is just that I have never heard you speak in the eight years you have been here. You have a very lovely voice," he said with his signature smile.

"Thank you, but flattery will get you nowhere," I say with a frown.

"Of course," he says, "Would you like to tell me what happened eight years ago?"

"No, I would not like to tell you. I am sick of people trying to talk to me about what happened. I do not want to talk about it. I will when I am ready," I say while raising my voice.

"No need to get upset," he says trying to calm me down.

"No! There is a reason to get upset. I don't want to deal with your shit about wanting to talk about me killing. No one cares about what I want to talk about. I am sick of it," I said yelling.

"Well, what do you want to talk about?" He asks while a nurse comes in to take me away.

"Anything besides how I feel or what happened eight years ago!" I yell to him while being dragged out of the room by the nurse. After a few minutes, the nurse got me to the room I shared with Jason. He unlocked the door and literally threw me in.

"That really hurts you asshole!" I yell to the nurse as he is walking away. I just stand up and brush myself off, and go sit on the bed, noticing that Jason isn't in the room. I just sit there waiting for him to come back. I decided to start singing again.

"Bury all your secrets in my skin.  
Come away with innocence, and leave me with my sins.  
The air around my still feels like a cage,  
But love is just a camouflage of what resembles rage again.  
So if you love me, let me go,  
And run away before I know.  
My heart is just too dark to care.  
I can't destroy what isn't there.  
Deliver me into my fate.  
If I'm alone, I cannot hate.  
I don't deserve to have you.  
Ooh, my smile was taken long ago,  
If I can change, I hope I never know.  
I still press your letters to my lips,  
And cherish them in parts of me that savor every kiss.  
I couldn't face a life without your lights.  
But all of that was ripped apart when you refused to fight.  
So save your breath, I will not care.  
I think I made it very clear.  
You couldn't hate enough to love.  
Is that supposed to be enough?  
I only wish you weren't my friend.  
Then I could hurt you in the end.  
I never claimed to be a saint.  
Oh, my own was banished long ago,  
It took the death of hope to let you go.  
So break yourself against my stones,  
And spit your pity in my soul.  
You never needed any help.  
You sold me out to save yourself.

And I won't listen to your shame.

You ran away, you're all the same.

Angels lie to keep control.

Oh, my love was tarnished long ago,

If you still care, don't ever let me know.

If you still care, don't ever let me know."

As I finished singing, the door to the room opened, and a nurse came in with Jason.

"Well, it seems like you started up your singing again," said the nurse. He then let Jason go and Jason walked over to me and sat next to me on the bed. "Your voice isn't as good as it used to be though," said the nurse as he walked out.

"Well, I think that your voice is beautiful," said Jason as he rest his back against the wall, and pulled me into his lap.

"Thank you," I said as I leaned my head against his shoulder like I had done the night before.

"I didn't know you could sing,"

"Before I came here, I was in my school's choir, and I performed in the musicals. Music was what made me happy. I wanted to sing like Christine Daae from The Phantom of the Opera."

"You like The Phantom of the Opera?"

"Well, yes. I am a big fan of all the versions of it. Besides Gaston Leroux's book and Susan Kay's book, there are over ten different versions of The Phantom of the Opera, and I am talking about movies and plays."

"I have read the book by Gaston Leroux, but I have never seen the plays or movies. Who is your favorite character?"

"My favorite is Erik. He is the most beautiful person I have ever seen. His haunted face holds no horror for me. It is in his soul that the true distortion lies."

"You like the Phantom? But he is a psychopath. Wouldn't you rather have Raoul?"

"He is not a psychopath, Jason. He is a high-functional sociopath. Do your research."

"Okay, I'm sorry," he said. Then I started laughing.

"What is so funny?" he asks.

"I have been wanting to say that in a normal conversation for a long time," I say as I continue laughing.

"Did you make that up?"



"No. It is from a really awesome BBC show called Sherlock. It is a modern-day Sherlock Holmes."

"I have never heard of it."

"Well, it is awesome, just like Doctor Who"

"I have seen an episode of Doctor Who,"

"Yes!" I cheered.

"I didn't like it," he said. I just stopped and was disappointed."

"You brought my hopes up so highâ€¦and then you mugged and shot them in an alleyway."

"Wow. How dramatic," he said while laughing

"I can be as dramatic as I want. You have disappointed me for the last time," I say in a semi-Darth Vader voice.

"May the force not be with you," said Jason while both of us are laughing. When we finally stopped laughing, I was really tired.

"I would love to stay up and talk to you because I have barely seen you all day, but I would like to get a decent amount of sleep before the two arse's come back in the morning to get me. "

"That is a good idea. Goodnight Shelby."

"Goodnight Jason."

I had the same dream again as I had last night, but this time, when Jason killed me, he didn't bring me back like before. I wonder what it means?

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Chapter 3

The same nurses woke us up again in the same way. This time Jason did not freak out about them taking me from him. It was a better morning so far. I bet it won't stay like this for very long though. They took me to see Dr. Jonathan without me making a fuss about it.

"Ah, Shelby, are we going to have a good session today?" asked Dr. Jonathan in a cheerful voice.

"Are you going to piss me off today?" I ask in an uninterested voice. He just laughed at me.

"I will try not to today. You said something yesterday about not talking about how you are, or what happened eight years ago."

"I did say something along that line"

"Well, what do you want to talk about?"

"Anything else. Give me a topic."

"Well, I know nothing about you except from what is in the files. What do you like?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, what did you do for fun?"

"I love to read, write, draw, listen to music, sing, bake, and watch television and movies."

"What kind of music do you listen to?"

"I usually listen to alternative, rock, metal, screamo, Japanese, and opera."

"That is a wide range."

"It is. What do you listen to?"

"I listen to classic rock."

"Like, Alice Cooper, Simon and Garfunkel, Prince, and Bob Dylan?"

"I love them. They are great."

"Yes they are. I love Simon and Garfunkel's song The Sound of Silence."

"So do I."

"I can sing it too."

"Really?"

"Yes. I have been able to for a while."

"I was never told of your singing of that song."

"I haven't sung it for a long time."

"Why not?"

"I was not able to have my Mp3 player while I was here and it has that song on there. I listened to it when I need to remind myself of the lyrics."

"They took away your music player?"

"Yes. But I do not know why."

"I will see what I can do about that. They probably have it in storage."

"Thank you."

"Well, anyway, what do you like to watch?"

"As in movies or television?"

"Both."

"Well, I love the shows Doctor Who, Sherlock, The Following, Kuroshitsuji, Higurashi No Naku Koro Ni, Bleach, Batman the Animated Series, Batman the Brave and the Bold, X-Men Evolution, Freddy's Nightmares, and Friday the 13th the series."

"That is a lot of shows. And, like your music, has a large range."

"Yes it does. Do you have favorite shows?"

"I don't really watch TV much."

"Oh. Okay then."

"What about movies?"

"Horror, dramas, musicals, children's, and based on comic book kind of things."

"I love to watch horror movies. What is your favorite?"

"A Nightmare on Elm Street."

"Mine too."

"That is cool Dr. Jonathan."

"Thank you. What books did you like?"

"My favorite book is The Phantom of the Opera by Gaston Leroux."

"What do you like about that book?"

"It is a beautiful story full of the love and tragedy for the human soul."

"I have never actually read the book, but I know the three main characters in the books names are Christine, Raoul, and the Phantom. I am guessing that you are attracted to Raoul."

"Why would you think that?"

"I just figured that since he is the only attractive male in it."

"Well, you are wrong. And the Phantom had a name. It is Erik Destler. He is the most beautiful person in the world. Raoul is just an ignorant foppish fool who is not attractive to me in the least."

"I never would have guessed that you wouldn't like Raoul."

"You know when sometimes you meet someone so beautiful â€" and then you actually talk to them and five minutes later they're as dull as a brick; but then there are other people. And you meet them and you think, 'Not bad, they're okay,' and when you get to know them ...

their face just, sort of, becomes them, like their personality's written all over it, and they just " they turn into something so beautiful. Erik the most beautiful man I've ever known."

"What makes the phantom, I mean Erik, so beautiful?"

"His heart could hold all the palaces of earth, and yet no one had looked upon him with kindness because of how he looked. His mind has touched the farthest horizons of mental imagination and reaches ever outward to embrace infinity. There is no knowledge beyond his comprehension, no art or skill upon this entire planet that lays beyond the mastery of his hand. But as long as he had lived, no women would ever look on him in love."

"That makes him beautiful?" he asked. I just looked him in the eyes and smiled.

"Yes, but you wouldn't understand him like I do. I fell in love with him when I first saw him. It was Lon Chaney's version of Erik, and he was the most beautiful person I had ever seen when I was eight. He is still the most beautiful person to me still. Nothing will ever change that. He may not be alive in this century but if he was here, I would love him like no one has ever loved him. If he said the word, I would follow him."

Dr. Jonathan was speechless. I could see his eyes get glassy from tears that wanted to escape. We sat there for a few minutes just staring at each other, not saying a word. He recovered from my speech ten minutes later. He coughed to try to compose himself once again.

"I am sorry again for being unprofessional. This is the second time you have left me speechless, Shelby. How do you do it?"

"You just can't take all of this in. it is very understandable. I am not as dumb as you think I am."

"I never said you were dumb."

"No, but that was what you thought. That is what you all thought. You thought I was dumb for not talking to anyone for the eight years I have been here. I know this. I am not deaf, and I am not blind. I can comprehend more things than you know. I have dealt with this for all my years of school. I have learned to pick up on things people say about me. And, like they say, *Hath d'enfer aucune fureur comme un d'ain de femmes.*"

"And what does that mean? I do not know French, but I know when someone is speaking it."

"Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn." The nurses came in after I said that because our time was up. I left the doctor silent and making him ponder on what I had just told him. Jason was actually there when I got back.

"Welcome back. How did it go?"

"I left him speechless."

"How?"

"From what I had told him. And, from showing off my French skills."

"You know French?"

"Un peu," I said with my thumb and fore finger not very far apart.

"A little bit?"

"Yes. I'm guessing you got that from my hand gesture?"

"Yes. I don't know French."

"I also know Japanese."

"Really?"

"Hai," I said while shaking my head.

"That is interesting."

"I got it from watching a LOT of anime on English sub."

"Subtitles?"

"Yep. Do you know any other languages?"

"I do not."

"I know a whole song in Japanese."

"What is it called?"

"Higurashi No Naku Koro Ni"

"Can you sing it?"

"Sure."

"\_Furimuita sono ushiro no (shoumen daare?)\_

\_Kurayami ni tsume o tatete (yoru o hikisaita)\_

\_Amadare wa chi no shizuku to natte hoho o tsutai ochiru\_

\_Mou doko ni mo kaeru basho ga nai nara\_

\_Kono yubi tomare watashi no yubi ni\_

\_Sono yubi goto tsurete tte ageru\_

\_Higurashi ga naku akazu no mori e\_

\_Atomodori wa mou dekinai\_

\_Hitori-zutsu kesarete yuku (aoi honoo)\_

\_Kurayami no sono mukou ni (asa wa mou konai)\_  
\_Kagami no naka de ugameki nobashite kuru musuu no te de\_  
\_Saa dareka o koko e izanai nasai\_  
\_Oni-san kochira te no naru hou e\_  
\_Donna ni nigete mo tsukamaete ageru\_  
\_Higurashi ga naku kemonomichi kara\_  
\_Kikoete ita koe wa mou nai\_  
\_Kono yubi tomare watashi no yubi ni\_  
\_Sono yubi goto tsurete tte ageru\_  
\_Higurashi ga naku akazu no mori e\_  
\_Atomodori wa mou dekinai\_  
\_Oni-san kochira te no naru hou e\_  
\_Donna ni nigete mo tsukamaete ageru\_  
\_Higurashi ga naku kemonomichi kara\_  
\_Kikoete ita koe wa mou nai"\_

"Wow. What does that mean?"

"When Cicada's Cry"

"What do the other words mean?"

"I am not going to tell you," I say with a smile.

"Well, why not?"

"It is a secret."

"Fine then."

"Oh, want to know something I forgot to tell you today?"

"What is it?"

"Dr. Jonathan is going to see if he can get me back my Mp3 player."

"Why is he trying to do that?"

"I don't know, but that is very nice of him."

"Yes it is."

"We just had a normal chat until he brought up The Phantom of the Opera. That was when I left him speechless."

"What were you two talking about?"

"Music, TV, and movies."

"Wow. Interesting."

"That was the most normal conversation I could probably have with a psychologist in an asylum. Oh, by the way, I never asked this, but what asylum are we at?"

"I believe that this is Smiths Grove."

"Wait a minute. Smith's Grove? That is the name of the asylum in that Halloween movies!"

"It is? I guess I had forgotten. I am positive that Michael Myers is not a real person, so we have no problem with him."

"I just can't believe that I did not know this. I knew that I was in Illinois, but I never would have guessed that Smith's Grove was real."

"It is very real if we are in here."

"I guess you are right."

"Yes, I am. Let us go to bed now Shelby. You look tired."

"Okay. Goodnight Jason."

"Goodnight Shelby."

I didn't fall asleep right away. I had a very ominous feeling that something bad was going to happen here, and I think it has something to do with Dr. Jonathan. I also think that it deals with this place being Smith's Grove where the serial killer Michael Myers was held in the Halloween movies.

#### 4. Chapter 4

##### Chapter 4

Like the days before it, the nurses came in, and took me to see Dr. Jonathan. The smile he had on his face was like none I had seen from him before. It looked sincere and not fake in the slightest.

"Good morning Shelby."

"Good morning Dr. Jonathan,"

"I hope you slept well,"

"As best as I can,"

"Are you all right?"

"I beg your indulgence, Dr. Jonathan, but my mind is far from easy. In my dreams, in the once familiar streets of my mind, I see shadows everywhere,"

"Shadows?"

"Ghosts,"

"What is bothering you?"

"Nightmares."

"Why?"

"Like last night, uh, they're not like tremors, they're worse than tremors, they're, they're these terrors. And it's like, it feels like as if somebody was gripping my throat, and squeezing. Sometimes I see flames, and sometimes I see the people that I love dying. And it's always, I can't, I can't wake up."

"Why are you having these terrors?"

"I do not know. They just started happening recently. Ever since I was put into the room with Jason, I have been having these dreams. It is quite frightening to me, and I do not like it."

"They just started four days ago?"

"Yes, and I think it means that something very bad is going to happen, but I do not know what."

"Dreams can be interpreted in very different ways. I have a book that you might want to read for it. I will give it to you before you leave."

"Why, thank you Dr. Jonathan. That is very kind of you. Have you found out about my Mp3 player?"

"Thank you for reminding me. I went into storage and found it. I have it in my desk, let me get it for you," He then took a key chain and unlocked the top drawer. He lifted my Mp3 player out of it and then relocked the drawer. "Here you go Shelby," he says as he hands it to me.

"After all these years, I finally have my Mp3 player back. Thank you Dr. Jonathan, very much."

"Just call me Jonathan."

"Okay, Jonathan. Are you sure that is alright?"

"It is fine. Now, what music do you have on your Mp3 player?"

"I have a lot of music on it," I said while looking to see how many I have. "I have 397 songs on here."

"That is a lot."

"Yes it is. I have listened to every one of them many times."

"Now that you have it back, what are you going to do?"

"Try to remember the lyrics of most of them," I said while



laughing.

"That is good. Maybe you will sing more now."

"That was the plan."

"Shelby, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes, of course Jonathan."

"Do you like being in that room with Jason?"

"Yes I do."

"Why is that?"

"I am not alone."

"You have problems with being alone?"

"No, I like being alone. The problem I have is being alone with a large group of people around. It makes me feel unwanted, like I don't belong. Being alone when no one is around is fine, I like that. I don't like being crowded, though. Large groups of people make me uncomfortable, like I am claustrophobic, but it is really just demophobia."

"I am glad you like it there. What are you afraid of?"

"I have Coulrophobia, Demophobia, and Monophobia."

"You are afraid of clowns, crowds, and being alone?"

"Who isn't afraid of clowns?"

"Good point."

"Thank you. What are you afraid of Jonathan?"

"I do not know."

"Everyone is afraid of something. Think of one."

"I can't think of one right now. I will tell you when I do."

"Okay, Jonathan. Do you know what the longest word in the English dictionary is?"

"No, what is it?"

"Hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia, or the fear of long words."

"That is a very long word."

"Do you know the second longest?"

"What is that one?"

"Hexakosioihexekontahexaphobia, the fear of the number 666."

"That is also a very long word. It almost seems like that is longer than the fear of long words."

"Well they are both very long. Now, may I ask you a question?"

"If you have a question, just ask."

"Well, this has been on my mind since yesterday, but, why are you nice to me?"

"I have respect for you."

"Just because you have respect for someone doesn't mean you are to be this nice. What is really going on?"

"Well, it seems like our time is up here," He said as the nurses came to take me back to my room. "Tell me if you have dreams like that again. And have a nice two days off from me."

"I will tell you, don't worry. You have a nice two days from me as well. I also want an answer to my question on Monday," I said while leaving the room.

Jason was not there again. I wonder where he goes while I am away. He probably goes to see another doctor too. The talk Jonathan and I had about dreams really got me thinking about a song I have on my Mp3 player, so I turn it on and find the song. I really like the song so I sing with it.

"\_Some say now suffer all the children and walk away a savior  
>Or a madman and polluted from gutter institutions<br>Don't you breathe for me undeserving of your sympathy  
>'Cause there ain't no way that I'm sorry for what I did<br>And through it all, how could you cry for me?  
>'Cause I don't feel bad about it<br>So shut your eyes, kiss me goodbye  
>And sleep, just sleep<br>The hardest part is letting go of your dreams  
>A drink for the horror that I'm in<br>For the good guys and the bad guys  
>For the monsters that I've been<br>Three cheers for tyranny, unapologetic apathy  
>'Cause there ain't no way that I'm coming back again<br>And through it all, how could you cry for me?  
>'Cause I don't feel bad about it<br>So shut your eyes, kiss me goodbye  
>And sleep, just sleep<br>The hardest part's the awful things that I've seen  
>Just sleep, just sleep<br>Just sleep, just sleep  
>Just sleep, just sleep<br>Wake up! Wake up!  
>Wake up!"<em>

Just as the next song started, I noticed that someone else was in the room.

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*Chapter 5\*\***

Who was this man in my cell? He was not Jason. He had a mask on that looked homemade. I think he is an escaped patient. Why was he here? What does he want? He just keeps watching me through the doorway.

"Who are you?" I finally asked. He said nothing, but just kept staring. "Why are you here?"

He said nothing but just walked towards me. I finally saw that he had a knife in his hand, and it had blood on it. I finally realized who he was.

"Michael Myers," I said. It got his attention and stopped right in front of me, staring down at me on the bed. "I know who you are, and what you did, and I don't blame you." I hoped that what I said would keep him from killing me; at least for a little while longer.

He still said nothing to me. He is just standing there, holding a bloodied knife at his side. He then grabs my arm and pulls me out of the room.

"No, stop, please," I yelled. "Where are you taking me?" He turns around and raises a finger to his lips, as if telling me to be quiet. I be quiet, and let him lead me to who knows where.

We come to a closet, and he shoves me into it before going into it himself. He points to the ground for me to stay, and you don't argue with someone who can easily kill you. He goes to one of the side walls and moves a panel that opens up to a tunnel, most likely to escape. He then grabs my hand and then pulls me into it, closing it behind him.

"Why have you brought me here?" I asked. "I must return," He takes no notice in this and keeps leading me through the dark, unlit tunnel.

When we finally get out of the tunnel, we are in the back of the asylum. I have never been able to go on the grounds before, and I don't want to see it anymore. Did I just rhyme? I didn't mean to do it. Never mind, the point is that the land in the back it very unpleasant to look at. The grass is dead and brown. The only trees have no leaves on them, and looked like they haven't been trimmed in years. And the only non-plant thing out there is a very rusty bench. I can see why they don't let inmates back here.

"That is so gross," I whisper, hopefully so that Michael doesn't hear me. If he did, he didn't acknowledge that I even spoke, just kept leading me away from the asylum, until we got to a forest. He let me stop and rest for a few seconds. He looked at me, and said nothing.

"Please, tell me what you want, and why you brought me here," I said, pleadingly.

"Your voice," I hear him try to say. It is very good for someone who hasn't said anything for a long time like he has.

"Are you the real Michael Myers?" I ask. He nods his head yes.

"I heard you singing. I know who you are. I have waited to hear you sing again for a very long time."

"Why? I am not even that good now, and I wasn't back then," I said. He grabbed my arms and lifted me to eye level.

"You are good. You are a lot better than anyone at that hell hole who try to sing, and the people they brought in to sing to us. My cell was right next to yours, and I listened to you sing every night. And, one day, you stopped."

"Ow, please, you are hurting me," I said. He was squeezing me too tight. When I said that, he let me down.

"Let's go."

We then walk a very long way to a road where he hijacked a car after killing the owner and stealing his clothes.

"You are going to need better clothes than that where we are going."

"Where are we going?" I ask.

"Where I always return to. Haddonfield."

"Why back there? I thought you were done?"

"There's no place like home."

"Can I ask you a question? It has been bugging me for a while."

"What?"

"How do you know how to drive?"

"I don't know how. I just try to keep the car on the right side of the street."

"Oh, I guess that makes sense," I said warily. "Well, actually not at all, but whatever."

It took a few hours to drive to Haddonfield. I spent most of the time sleeping, while listening to my music after I noticed that I still had it in my hand. Michael didn't bother me the whole six hours we were in the car. I was in the back seat laying down when Michael stops the car and gets out because we were where we were supposed to be.

It was the old Myers house, like in the movies, except, someone had fixed up the place, so the front looked nice. But it looked like it hadn't been lived in for years. The paint was a little faded and cracked, but not that bad. The windows were a little dusty, as well.

"What have you been listening to? I could hear it in the front seat," he said while leading me into the house.

"The songs in my favorites list. I know almost all of them by

heart."

"Sing one of them for me," he said when we got into the house.

"I am not very comfortable doing that," I said carefully. I wouldn't want to get him angry. Then I look up at him, and see that I did just that.

"You will sing weather you like it or not!" he yelled while gripping my arm very forcefully.

"I will, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to make you mad!" I said a bit loudly, trying to get him to let me go. It felt as if he was breaking my arm.

"That's more like it. Now, sing!" he said while releasing my arm.

"\_Tu ,llegaste a mi vida para ensearme  
>Tu,supiste encenderme y luego apagarme<br>Tu,te hiciste  
indispensable para mi y y y  
>Y con los ojos cerrados te segui<br>Si yo busque dolor lo consegui

>No eres la persona que pense<br>Que crei y que perdi

>Mientes,<br>Me haces daÃ±o y luego te arrepientes  
>Ya no tiene caso que lo intents<br>No me quedan ganas de sentir

>Llegas cuando estoy a punto de olvidarte<br>Busca tu camino en otra parte

>Mientras busco el tiempo que perdi<br>Que hoy estoy mejor sin ti

>Voy,de nuevo recordando lo que soy<br>Sabiendo lo que das y lo que doy

>En mi no queda espacio para ti y y y...<br>Y el tiempo es solo suyo y comprendi

>Las cosas no suceden porque sino<br>Eres la persona que pense

>Que crei, que perdi<br>Mientes,

>Me haces dao y luego te arrepientes<br>Ya no tiene caso que lo intents

>No me quedan ganas de sentir<br>Llegas cuando estoy a punto de olvidarte

>Busca tu camino en otra parte<br>Mientras busco el tiempo que perd

>iQue hoy estoy mejor sin ti...<br>Que hoy estoy mejor sin ti

>Llegas cuando estoy a punto de olvidarte<br>Busca tu camino en otra parte

>Mientras busco el tiempo que perdi<br>Que hoy estoy mejor sin ti

>Que hoy estoy mejor sin ti<br>Que hoy estoy mejor sin ti..."\_

I finally finish. Surprised at myself for being able to remember all the words, and how to pronounce them. That song took me a long time to fully learn.

"That sounded beautiful. What does it mean?"

"It loses some meaning in translation."

"That is okay."

"You came into my life to teach me  
>You knew how to ignite me and to quench me<br>You made yourself  
indispensable to me, and...and...  
>And with my eyes closed, I followed you<br>If I was looking for pain  
that's what I got  
>You're not the person who I thought you were,<br>Who I believed in,  
who I lost  
>You lie,<br>You hurt me and then you regret it  
>Now there is no point in you trying<br>I don't want to listen  
>You arrive when I'm about to forget you<br>Just look for your path  
somewhere else  
>As I look for the time that I lost<br>And today I am better off  
without you  
>Once again I remember who I am<br>Knowing what you give and what I  
give  
>The nest you've been searching for you, and...and...<br>And time did  
its thing and I understood  
>Things happen for a reason<br>You're not the person who I thought  
you were,  
>Who I believed in, who I lost<br>You lie, you hurt me and then you  
regret it  
>Now there is no point in you trying<br>I don't want to listen  
>You arrive when I'm about to forget you<br>Must look for your path  
somewhere else  
>As I look for the time that I lost<br>And today I am better off  
without you  
>Today I am better off without you<br>You arrive when I'm about to  
forget you  
>Must look for your path somewhere else<br>As I look for the time  
that I lost  
>And today I am better off without you<br>And today I am better off  
without you  
>And today I am better off without you"<p>

"That is sad,"

"No, it is cruel. The man was in love with a girl and she broke his heart. When he was finally able to get over her, she comes back into his life, and he doesn't want her there. His life is better without her. It is not sad, it is cruel," I said to him. "That kind of reminds me of someone."

"Who does it remind you of?"

"It reminds me of you."

"That is nothing like me," he said as he starts to get angry.

"Yes it is. You came into your younger sister's life, and ruined it. When she was finally able to move on, you come back. Then you did that to her daughter."

"It is not my fault!"

"I know that! I am just implying that it sounds like you. You need to calm down!" I yelled at him. He is getting worked up over this. If he keeps me here for a long time, and this is how he is going to be, than it is going to make me extremely unhappy.

He then grabbed my arm and pulled me up the stairs. He shoved me into a small room that had no window. It was all moldy and filthy. It was just disgusting to look at. He then turned to me.

"You can come out when you can learn to be pleasant with me. I didn't have to let you live. I could have easily killed you back in the asylum, but I chose not to. Be grateful for that," he then slams the door on me and stomps down the stairs.

I don't know what to do. So, I just lay gently on the bed, after flipping over the blanket so I don't have a whole lot of dust on me. I turn on my Mp3 player, and eventually fall asleep to my music.

## 6. Chapter 6

### \*\*Chapter 6\*\*

I woke up to the Doctor Who theme song coming from downstairs. I jumped up, flew to the door and hitting it in the process, threw it open, and ran, sliding and scratching down the stairs and burst into the living room.

"I heard the song of my people!" I yelled.

"The song of your people?" Michael said, looking confused.

"The Doctor Who theme song!" I then jumped into the couch, grabbed the remote, and found Doctor Who on TV. "We are watching this," I then noticed that my Mp3 player died because I left it on to sleep last night.

"You watch Doctor Who? I have never seen it."

"I haven't watched it for eight years, so I have no clue what is going on right now, but I don't care because it is Doctor Who."

"What is it about?"

"Quiet. You need to be quiet when Doctor Who is on. There are only four reasons you should disrupt my watching of Doctor Who."

"And what are those reasons?"

"Natural disaster, fire, police raid, and if I am crying too badly. Now be quiet!"

Michael then goes quiet. We watch all of the Doctor Who episodes that were playing, which were only four of them. I had no idea what was going on, but since it was Doctor Who, I just wanted to watch it. Michael was just sitting on the couch with his arms crossed like he was pouting; probably because I yelled at him.

When Doctor Who was over, Michael turned off BBKA. He changed it to a channel that was playing a show about ghosts. I believe it was called Paranormal Witness. He turned to me and just stared at me, not saying anything. I was getting very uncomfortable because of his staring. I

finally said something.

"Why are you staring at me? It is really creeping me out," I said, looking at him.

"I am trying to figure you out. You are sitting on the couch with your legs against your chest. You have been sitting like that ever since Doctor Who came on. You look like you are about to cry. It is confusing me."

"I am just remembering when I watched Doctor Who at home in Wisconsin. It was really emotional. Connecting with the characters and falling in love with the Doctor. Then, when the Doctor regenerates, it just kills me."

"What was it like growing up?"

"I grew up in a small town, and when the rain would fall down, I'd just stare out my window. Dreaming of what could be, and if I'd end up happy, I would pray. Trying hard to reach out, and when I'd try to speak out, felt like no one could hear me. I wanted to belong there, but something felt so wrong there, so I'd pray, I could breakaway."

"You were misunderstood in your childhood. At least you had one. Mine was taken away when I was six years old."

"I know that Michael. I watched the movies."

"What did you want to do after you got away?"

"I wanted to feel the warm breeze, sleep under a palm trees, and feel the rush of the ocean. Get onboard a fast train, travel on a jet plane, faraway. Buildings with a hundred floors, swinging around revolving doors, maybe I didn't know where they'd take me, but I had to keep moving on, and fly away. In other words, I wanted to travel and be as far from home as possible."

"You are away from home now. Why are you still sad?"

"Why am I still sad? You dare ask me that? You kidnapped me, Michael!" The rage in me growing. "You have some nerve asking me why I am sad, Michael! I was finally becoming happy and not numb anymore! Then you just rip that away from me!"

"Don't you dare yell at me!" He yells, and then he slaps me hard across the face. "Just be glad I don't kill you now!"

He gets up and leaves the room, leaving me to cry on the couch, hugging my legs to my chest. I hate it here, and I just want to go back to Smith's Grove. I am sure that they are looking for me now, and I hope someone finds me here. I decide to sing a song to calm down.

"\_Take a breath  
>Hold it in<br>Start a fight  
>You won't win<br>Had enough  
>Let's begin<br>Never mind  
>I don't care<br>All in all  
>You're no good<br>You don't cry



>Like you should<br>Let it go  
>If you could<br>When love dies in the end  
>So I'll find what lies beneath<br>Your sick twisted smile  
>As I lie underneath<br>Your cold jade eyes  
>Now you turn the tide on me<br>'Cause you're so unkind  
>I will always be here<br>For the rest of my life  
>Here we go<br>Does it hurt  
>Say goodbye<br>to this world  
>I will not<br>Be undone  
>Come to life<br>It gets worse  
>All in all<br>You're no good  
>You don't cry<br>Like you should  
>I'll be gone<br>when you fall  
>Your sad life<br>Says it all  
>So I'll find what lies beneath<br>Your sick twisted smile  
>As I lie underneath<br>Your cold jade eyes  
>Now you turn the tide on me<br>'Cause you're so unkind  
>I will always be here<br>For the rest of my life  
>Don't carry me under<br>You're the devil in disguise  
>God sing for the hopeless<br>I'm the one you left behind  
>So I'll find what lies beneath<br>Your sick twisted smile  
>As I lie underneath<br>Your cold jade eyes  
>Now you turn the tide on me<br>'Cause you're so unkind  
>I will always be here<br>For the rest of my life"\_

I feel like such an idiot. I should have screamed for someone to help instead of just letting him take me without a fight. I don't know what I was thinking. I hate myself for being such a coward. I don't even know what to do anymore. I am just tired of this. Letting people control me without even saying anything.

I turn around and see Michael staring at me. I burst into tears at the sight of him. Who deserves this? Wellâ€¦I do. My whole life is just one huge failure. I was never good enough for anyone around me, so I guess this is what I do deserve. I will just accept this as my fate and not do anything about it.

Michael see's me crying on the couch and just stares at me from the doorway. He turns to leave soon after, not bothering with me anymore. I just keep crying and lay my head on my knees. I cry myself to sleep on the couch a few minutes later, still crying even in my sleep.

\*\*I know that I have never made an author's note for this story, and this might be the only one I will make, but I have one really important thing to say for this story so far. This whole story, especially this chapter, is dedicated to my good friend Ashley (Silver Vixen). This is for you babe, when you read this chapter.  
\*\*

End  
file.